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ASSASSIN'S CREED® UPRISING



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COMICS



ASSASSIN'S CREED® UPRISING

LOADING MEMORY 8...

Via the memories of **Albert Bolden** – the enigmatic former **Black Cross** – Master Templar **Otso Berg** continues to search the past for the Koh-i-Noor – a powerful Isu artifact that could turn the tide in the upcoming battle. Following an explosive introduction, Bolden and the Spanish Assassin **Ignacio Cardona** uncovered the devious machinations of **Rufus Grosvenor/Nobby Clarke** – a master manipulator who hopes to use Cardona to harness the power of the gem. With Cardona's entire cell indoctrinated, it now falls to this unlikely two-man team to recover the Koh-i-Noor and put an end to this fanatical plot.

SYNCHRONIZING...
ACCESSING MEMORY
CONNECTED ■

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MY GOD.
WHAT HAPPENED
HERE?

AUGURY.

COME
AGAIN?

WE
SPANIARDS
ARE EUROPE'S
BELLWETHERS,
ARE WE
NOT?

LIKE THE
PAGAN SEERS
OF OLD, YOU READ
OUR ENTRAILS TO
TRY AND GLIMPSE
YOUR OWN
FUTURES.



WELL, HERE
YOU GO. TAKE
A GOOD
LOOK.

THIS IS
WHAT THE WORLD
LOOKS LIKE WHEN
IT GETS IN THE
WAY OF BIG
IDEAS.



SOME
IDEAS ARE
WORTH
FIGHTING
FOR.

NO,
AMERICAN.
SOME IDEAS
ARE WORTH
FIGHTING.



AND DON'T
EVEN THINK
ABOUT KILLING
ANY MEMBERS
OF MY CELL.

ARE YOU
SUN-SICK?
GROSVENOR'S
BEEN...

IT IS
NOT UP FOR
DEBATE.





DID HE
ALSO TELL YOU
THAT HIS NAME
ISN'T NORBERT
CLARKE?
HUH?!

OR THAT
HE'S WORKING
TO FURTHER THE
INTERESTS OF THE
OLD BOSS?

THE OLD
WHAT?!



THE OLD
BOSS, DWIGHT;
THE ORIGINAL.

WHETHER
THEY KNEW IT OR
NOT, EVERY SLAVER
IN HISTORY WAS
FOLLOWING THEIR
LEAD.



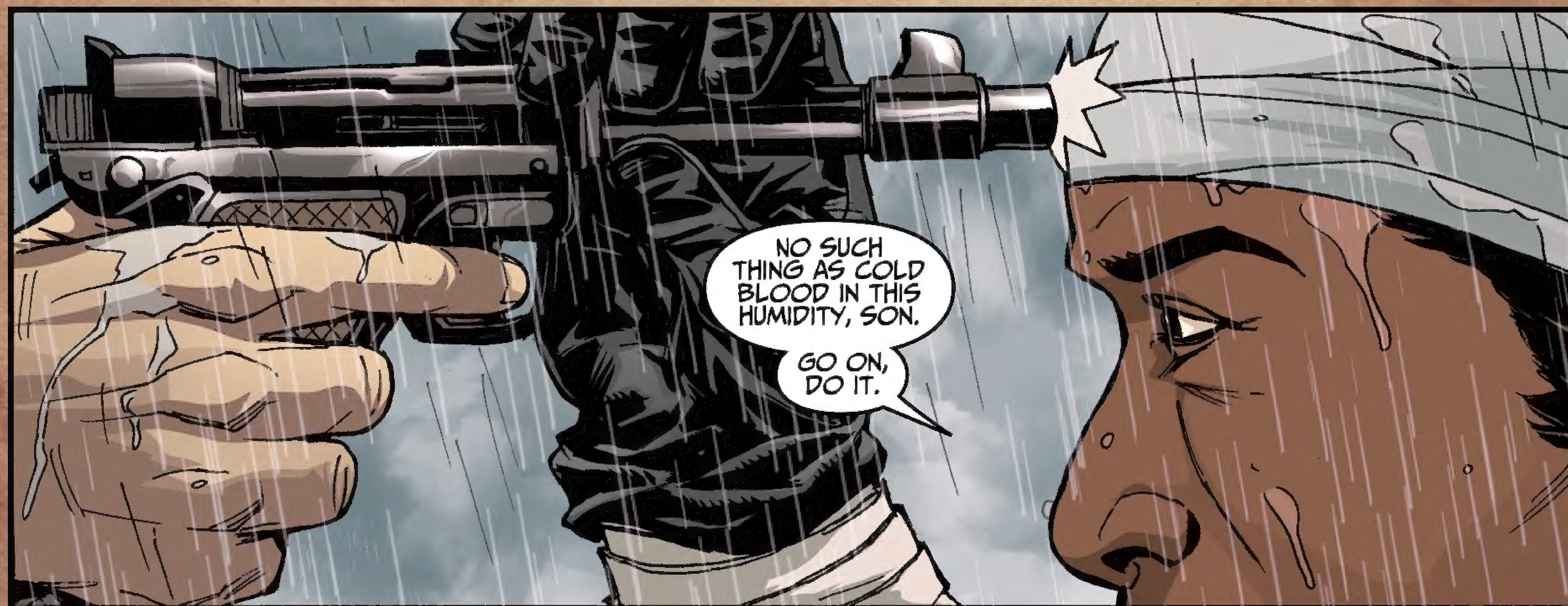
KRKK



MIGUEL,
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?!
THIS ISN'T
OUR WAY!

'OUR WAY'
BELONGS TO A
WORLD OF LAWS,
IGNACIO.

OUR ENEMIES
WIPE THEIR ASSES ON
THE LAW AND CALL IT
'TRADITION'.



NO SUCH
THING AS COLD
BLOOD IN THIS
HUMIDITY, SON.

GO ON,
DO IT.







YOU SEE, IGNACIO? YOU SEE HOW CASUALLY YOUR NEW FRIEND KILLS?

CLARKE WAS RIGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING.

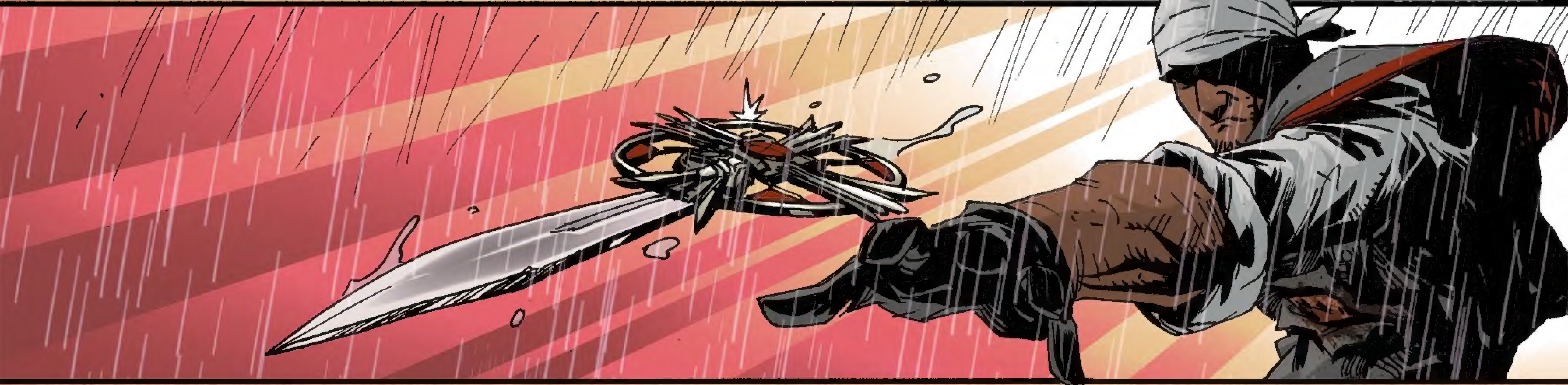


GLAUCIA, I NEED YOU TO HEAR ME: CLARKE'S NO ASSASSIN. HE'S WORKING FOR...

SHHH... HE TOLD ME, IGNACIO. I DON'T CARE.



GODS ARE REAL, MY LOVE. THEY SEE OUR FALLEN STATE - OUR MADNESS - AND THEY PITY US.



ALBERT... NO.



I WON'T
DIE. THE GODS
WILL NOT
PERMIT IT.



THAT'S NOT
HOW GODS WORK,
GLAUCIA. IT'S QUID
PRO QUO.

NNN! SO...
WHAT WILL
YOU GIVE
THEM?

I'M GIVING
THEM YOU, MY
LOVE. THEY WORK
THROUGH YOU,
AND SO I MUST
RELINQUISH
MY CLAIM
ON YOU.

NOW YOU
MUST TEACH US ALL
HOW TO BE THEIR
INSTRUMENTS.



OH,
GLAUCIA...

UFF!



WHY DO YOU ALWAYS
RACE ME TO PLACES
WHERE YOU KNOW I
CAN'T FOLLOW?

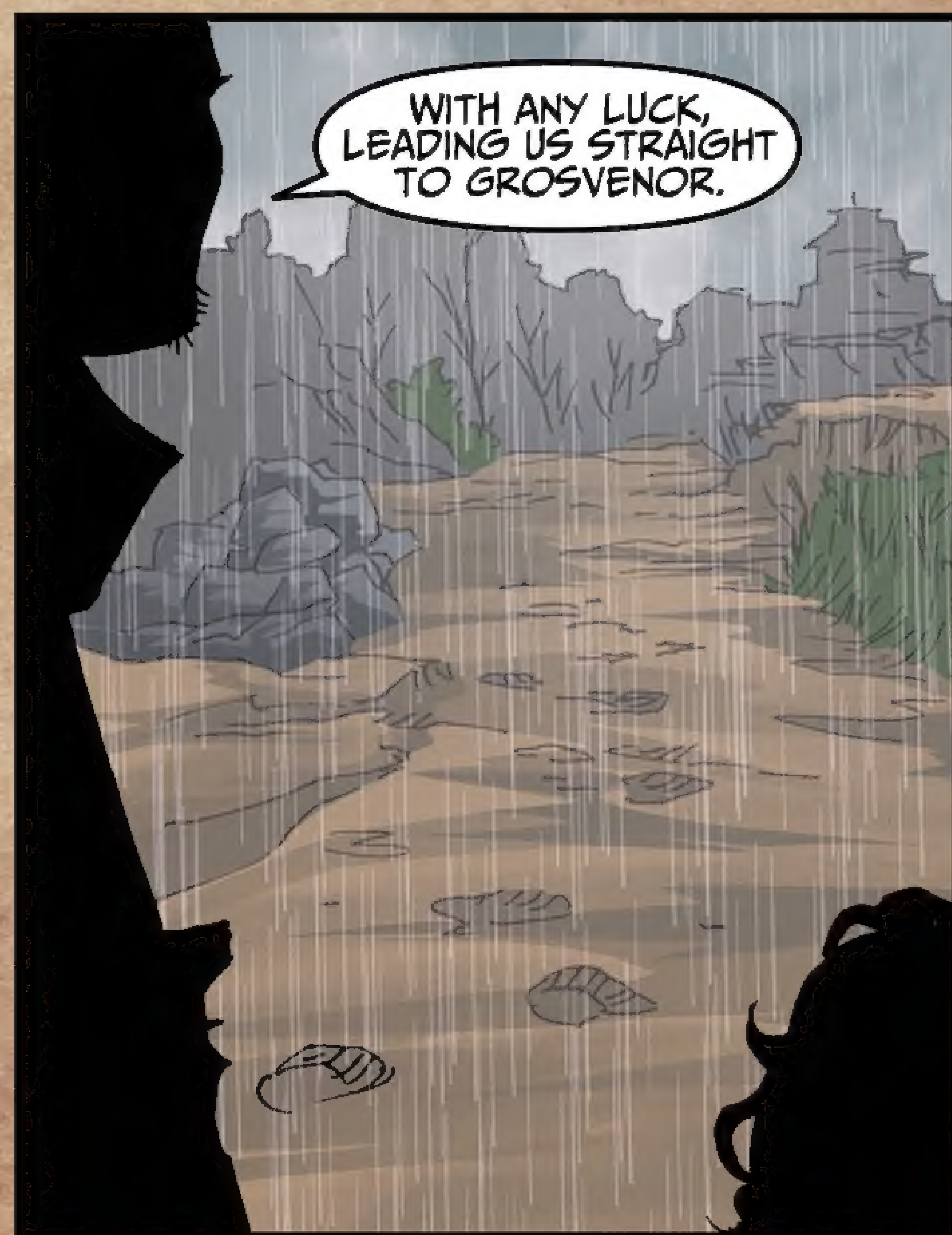
SORRY. REALLY
THOUGHT YOU'D
CATCH THAT...

IF YOU INSIST
SHE LIVES, I'LL SAY
NO MORE... BUT HER
SINS ARE ON YOUR
HANDS.

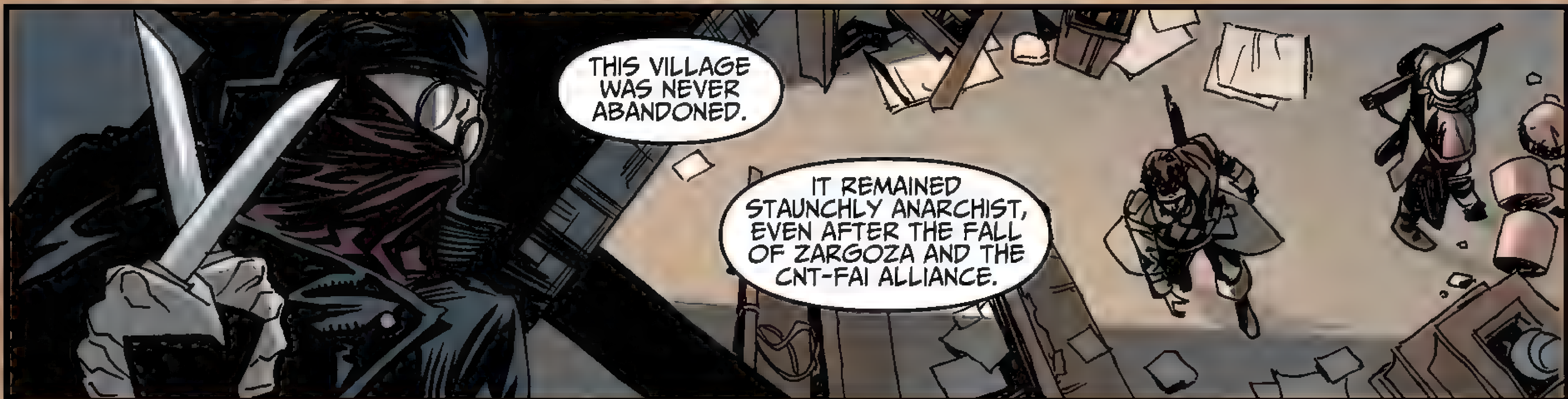


WHERE'S
MIGUEL?

OH, CRAWLING
FOR HIS LIFE, I
BELIEVE...



WITH ANY LUCK,
LEADING US STRAIGHT
TO GROSVENOR.





BEHOLD: THE
HUMAN ANIMAL,
UNBOUND.

BEHOLD: THE
OVERTURE OF THIS, A
GODLESS DAWN.



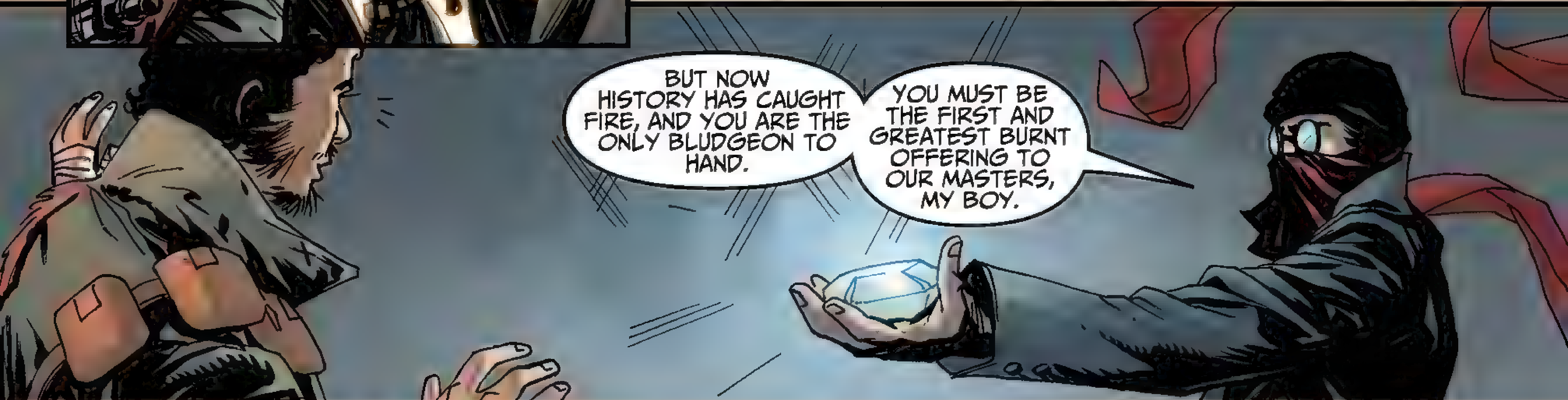
IGNACIO. PUT
THE GUN DOWN.
PLEASE.

THIS IS WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN
TRIBES STOP
WORSHIPING
THE SUN.

THIS IS WHY
OUR AGE OF
REASON NEEDS THE
RETURN OF *THEIR*
GUIDING HAND.

SO, YES. THE
KOH-I-NOOR MIGHT
KILL YOU, IGNACIO.
THAT UNFORTUNATE
SCRAP OF SKIN
BETWEEN YOUR
LEGS MEANS YOU'RE
FAR FROM THE
PERFECT HOST.

MY LATE
MASTER TRACKED
YOUR BLOODLINE,
WAITING FOR OPTIMAL
CONDITIONS THAT
NEVER ARRIVED.



BUT NOW
HISTORY HAS CAUGHT
FIRE, AND YOU ARE THE
ONLY BLUDGEON TO
HAND.

YOU MUST BE
THE FIRST AND
GREATEST BURNT
OFFERING TO
OUR MASTERS,
MY BOY.



TAKE THE
GEM, IGNACIO.
SAVE US.

YOU'RE...
YOU'RE
RIGHT.

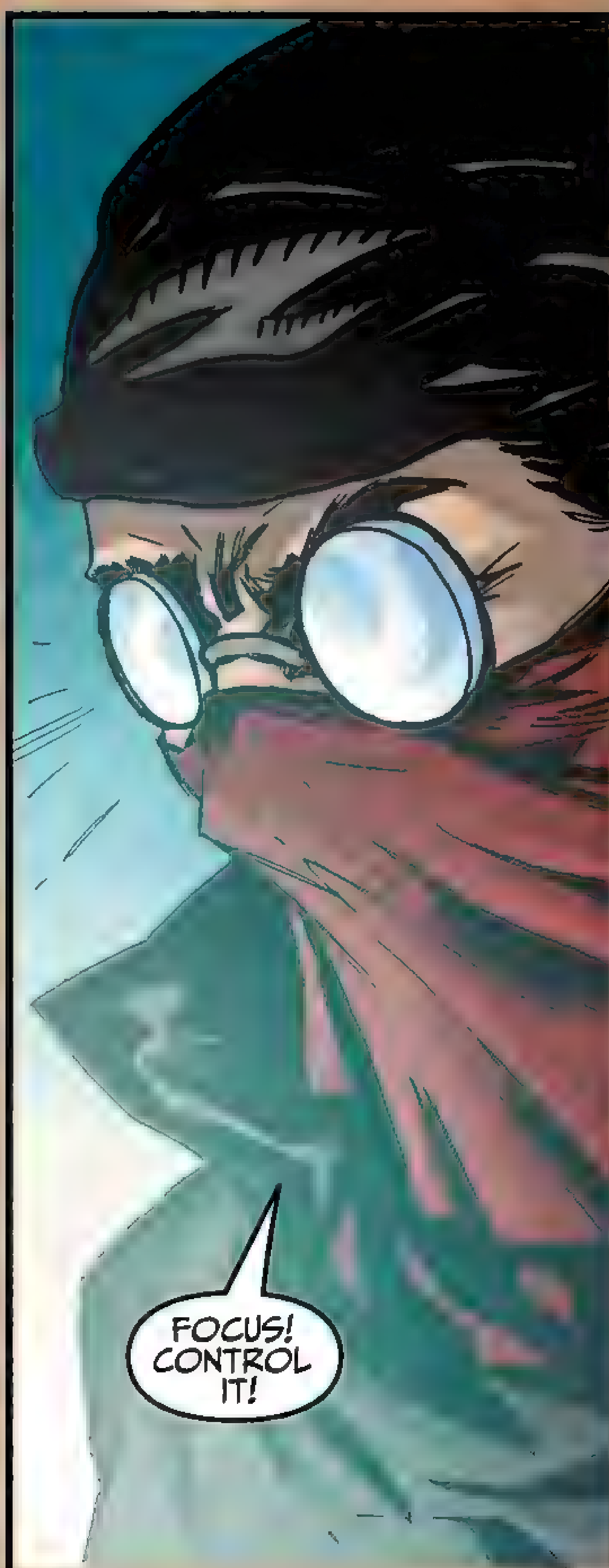
CARDONA,
DON'T
LISTEN!



THIS IS MY
RESPONSIBILITY,
TEMPLAR...



GRAAAH!



FOCUS!
CONTROL
IT!



I...
AM.



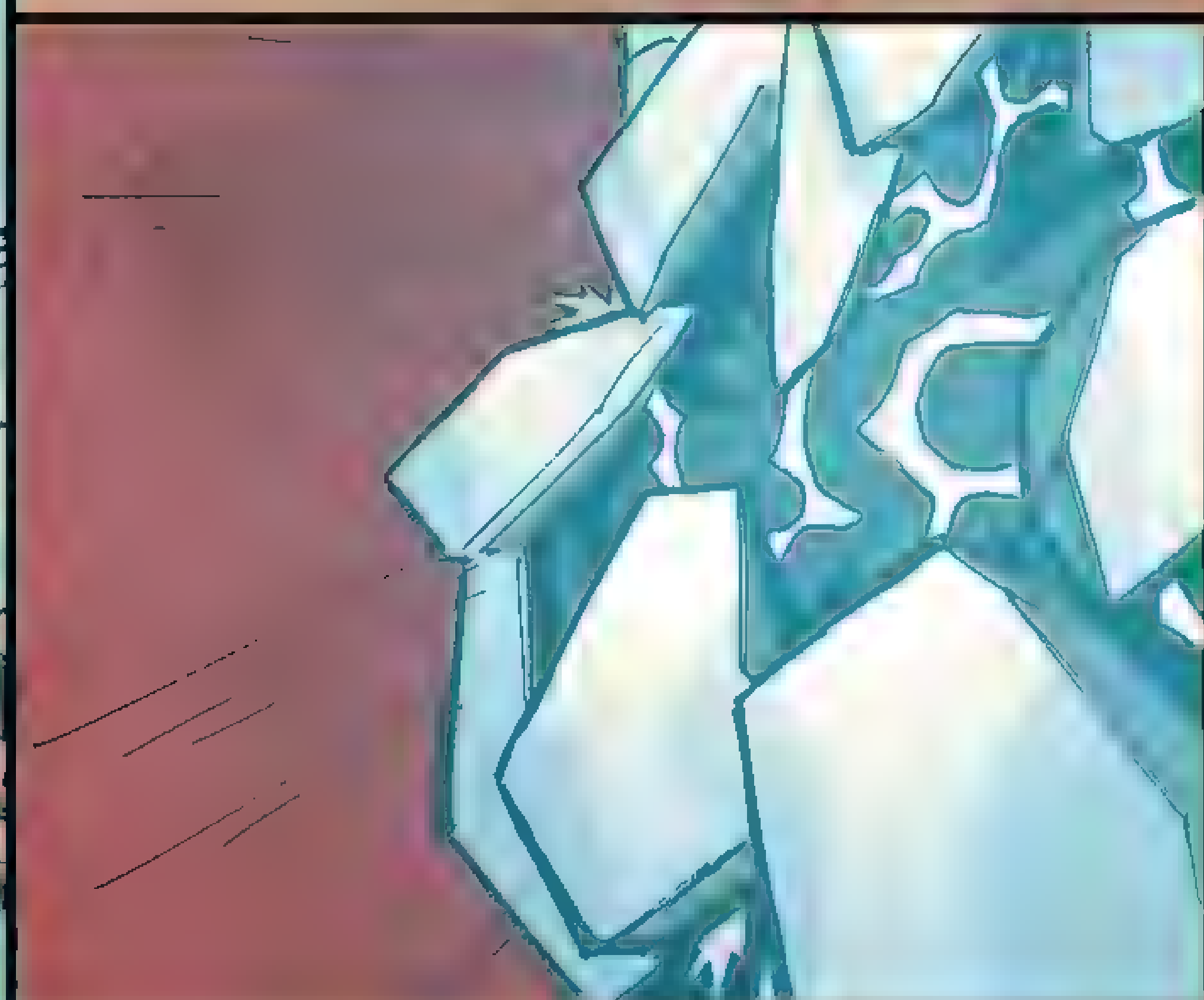
THIS ISN'T
RIGHT... THIS ISN'T
WHAT'S SUPPOSED
TO HAPPEN!

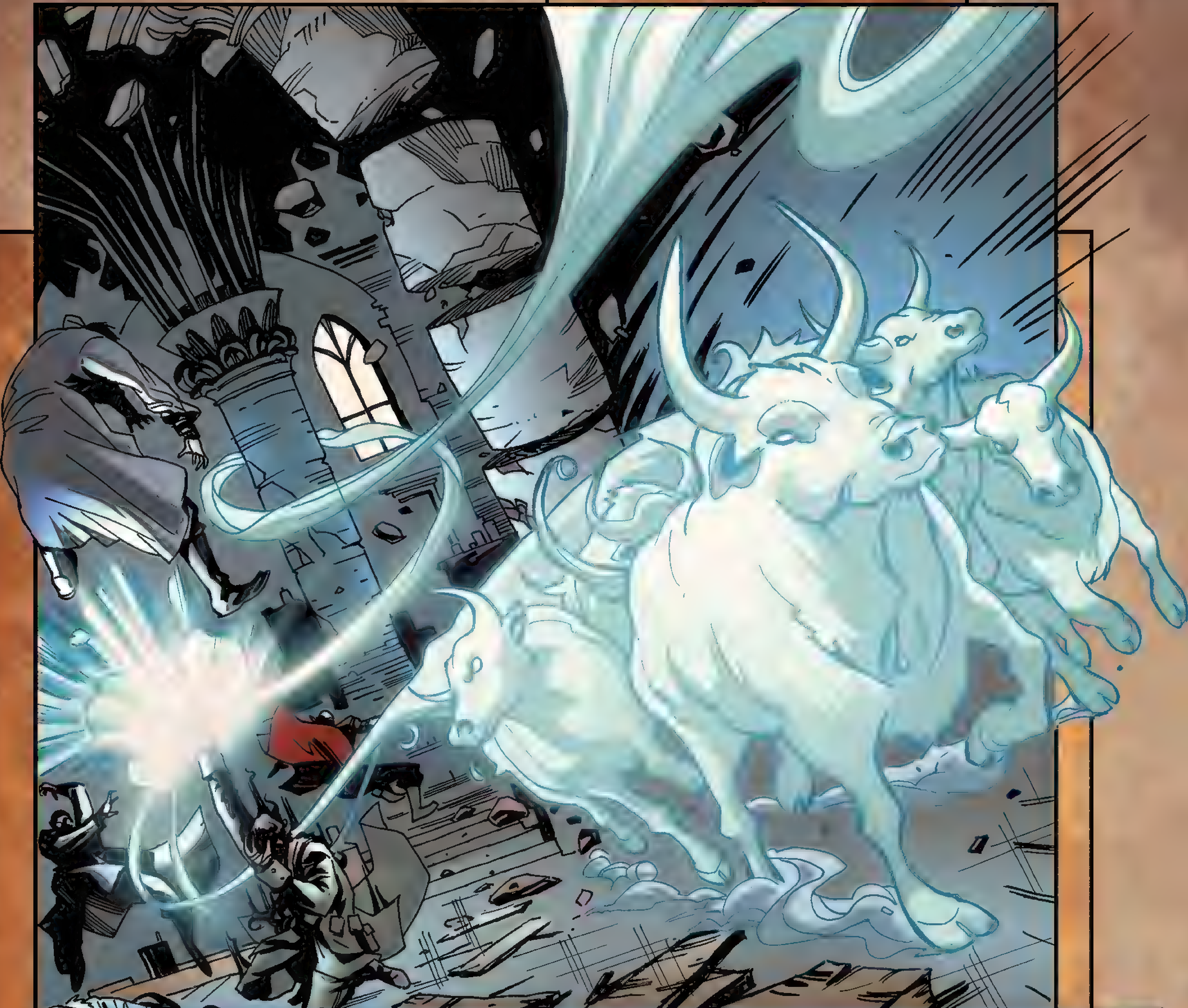
YES IT IS,
GROSVENOR. YOU
WERE RIGHT-- IF I CAN
CONTROL THIS GEM -
EVEN FOR JUST A
MOMENT - THEN IT IS MY
RESPONSIBILITY!

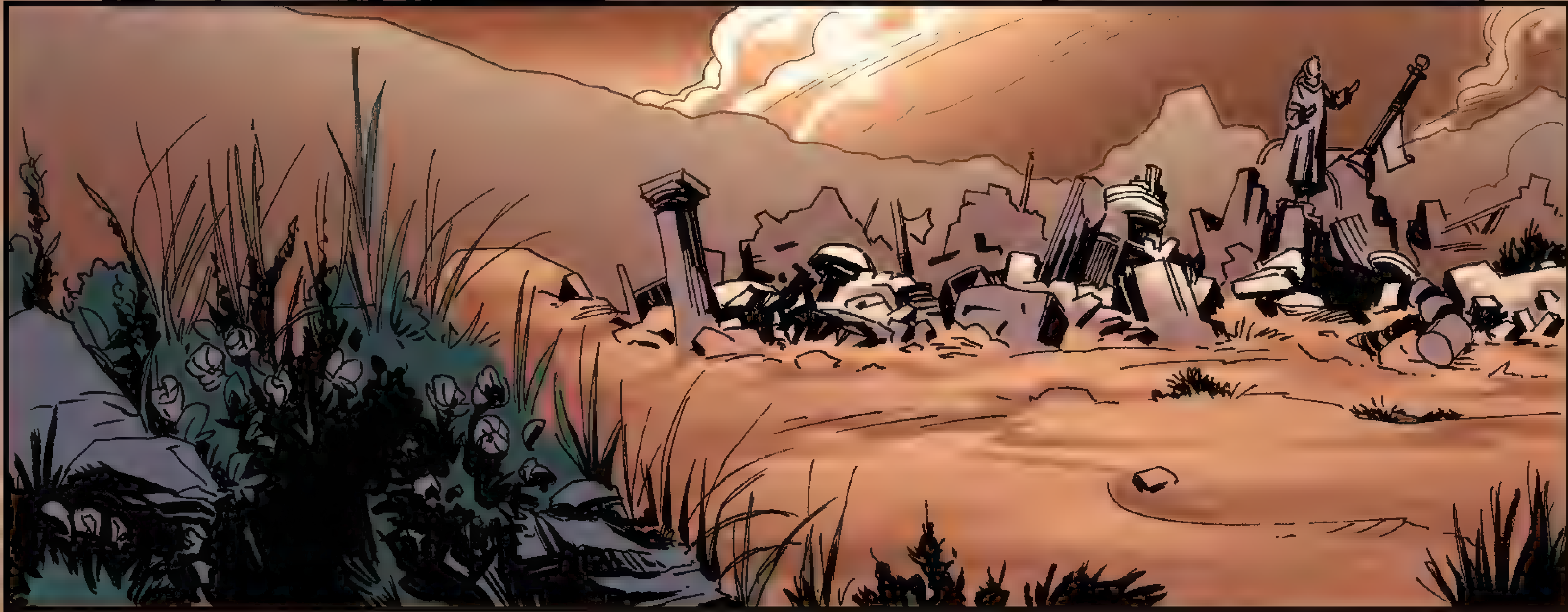
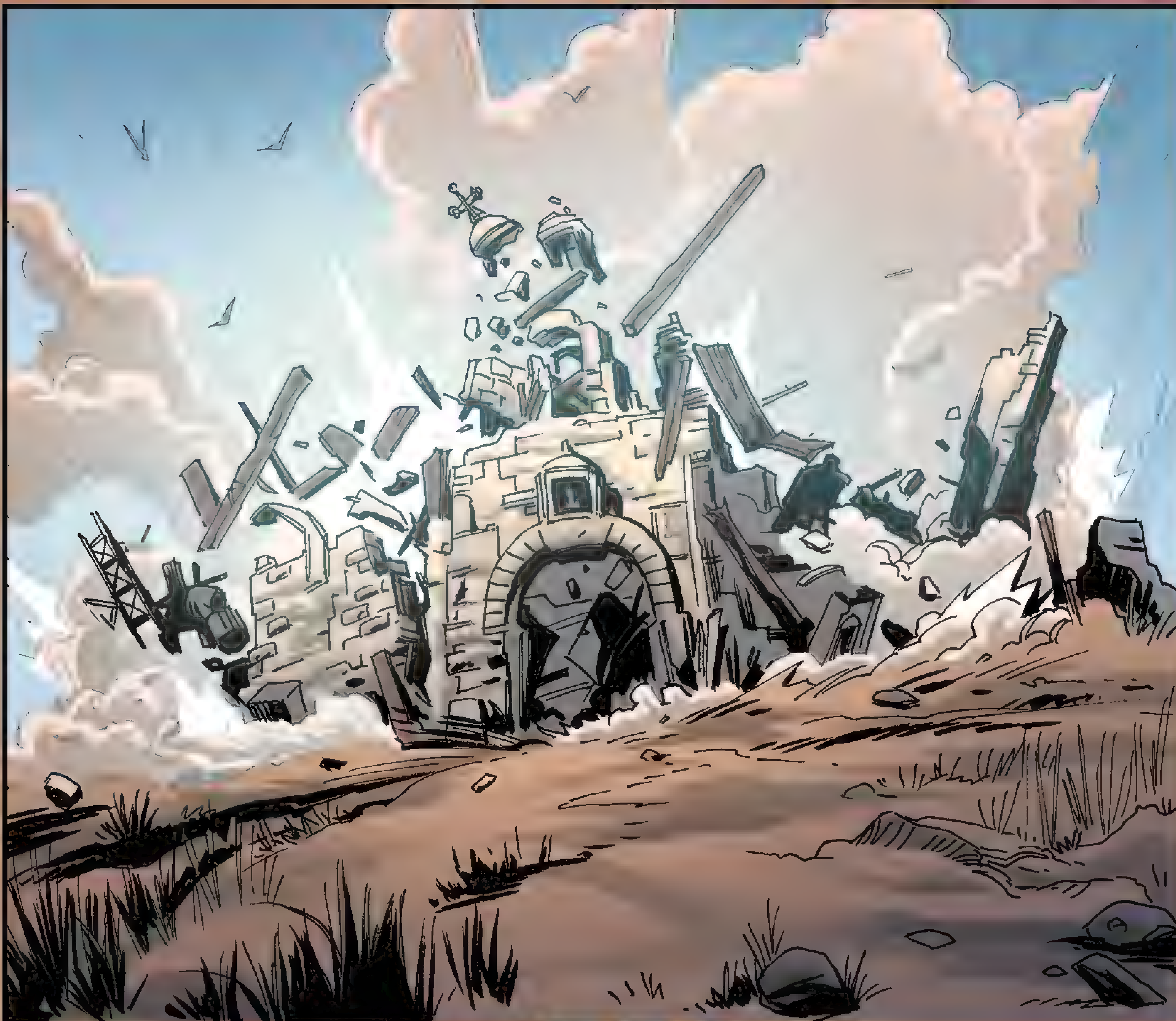


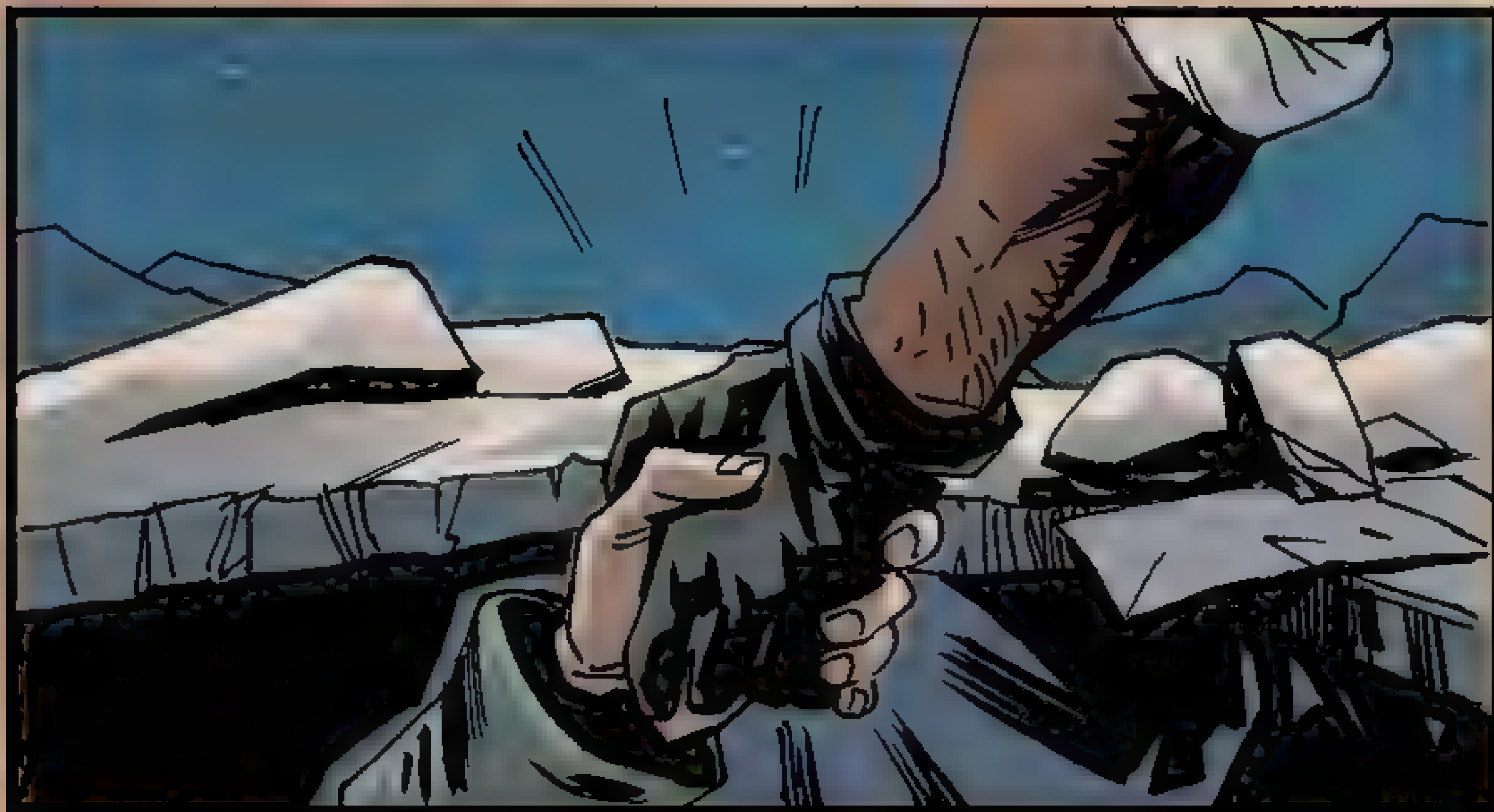
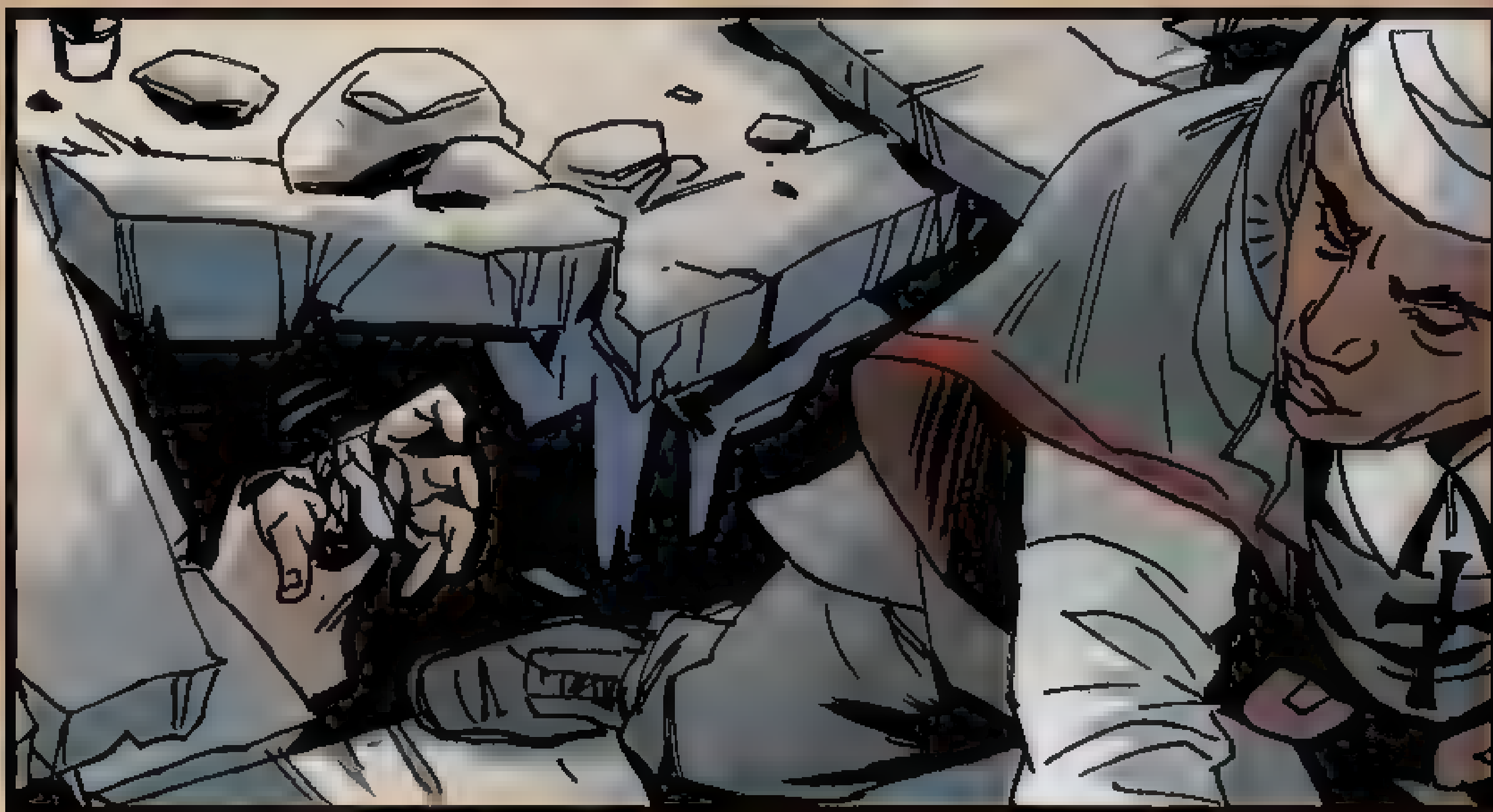
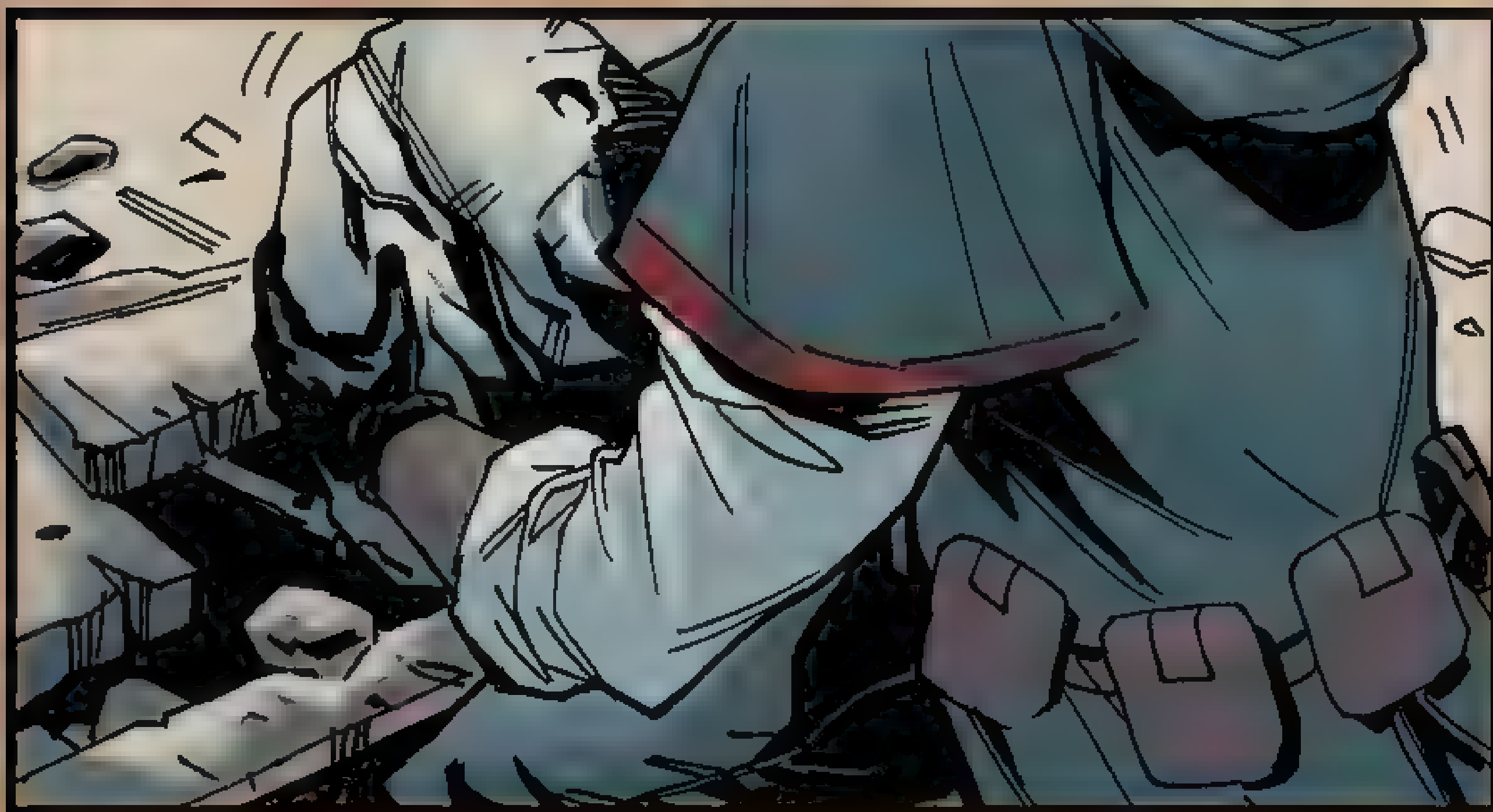
THE
WORLD
HAS QUITE
ENOUGH
MASTERS
ALREADY.

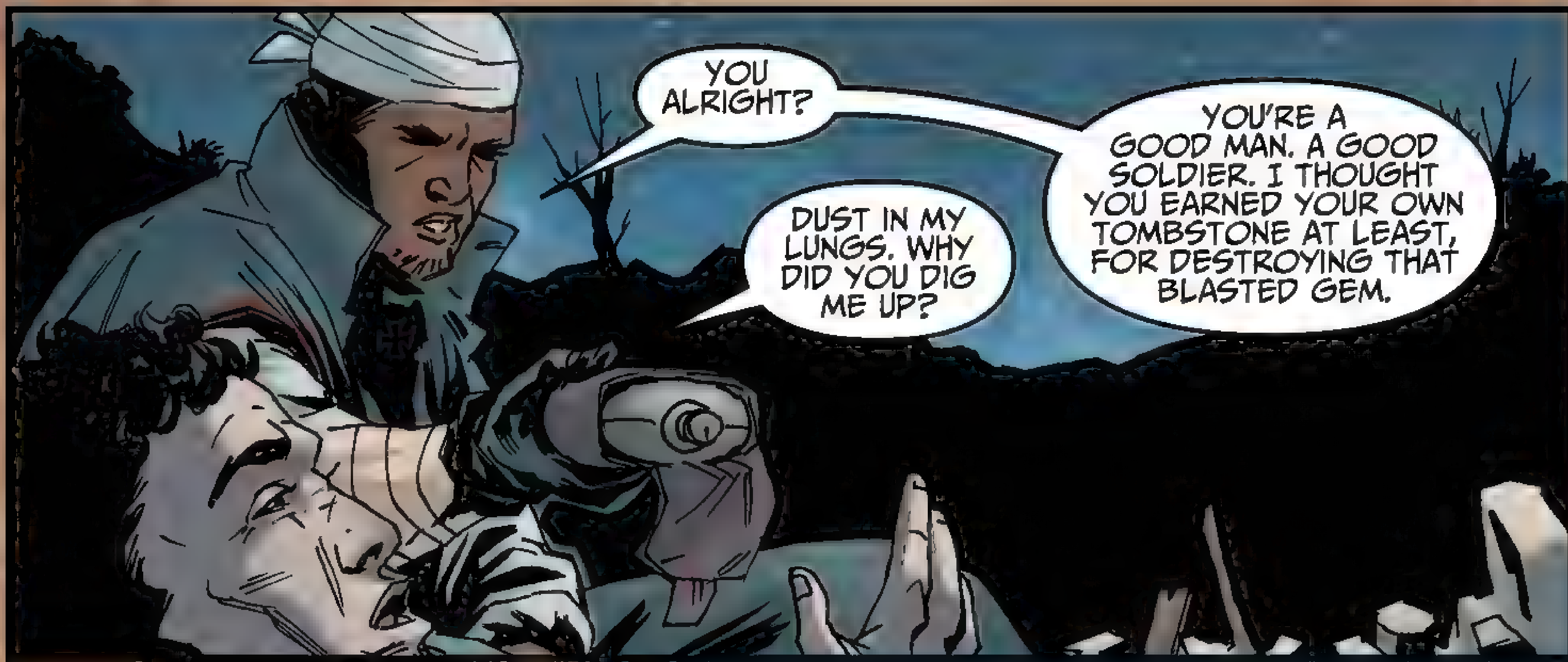
NO!











YOU
ALRIGHT?

DUST IN MY
LUNGS. WHY
DID YOU DIG
ME UP?

YOU'RE A
GOOD MAN. A GOOD
SOLDIER. I THOUGHT
YOU EARNED YOUR OWN
TOMBSTONE AT LEAST,
FOR DESTROYING THAT
BLASTED GEM.



EXCEPT
I DIDN'T.

EXCUSE
ME?

I DON'T
KNOW IF IT
EVEN CAN BE
DESTROYED.



"I WAS ABLE TO
CONTROL IT JUST
ENOUGH TO CREATE A
SINGLE ILLUSION..."



THE
DESTRUCTION
OF THE STONE
ITSELF. VERY
CLEVER.

SO
WHERE IS THE
KOH-I-NOOR
NOW?



DOWN
THERE. IN
A MASS
GRAVE.

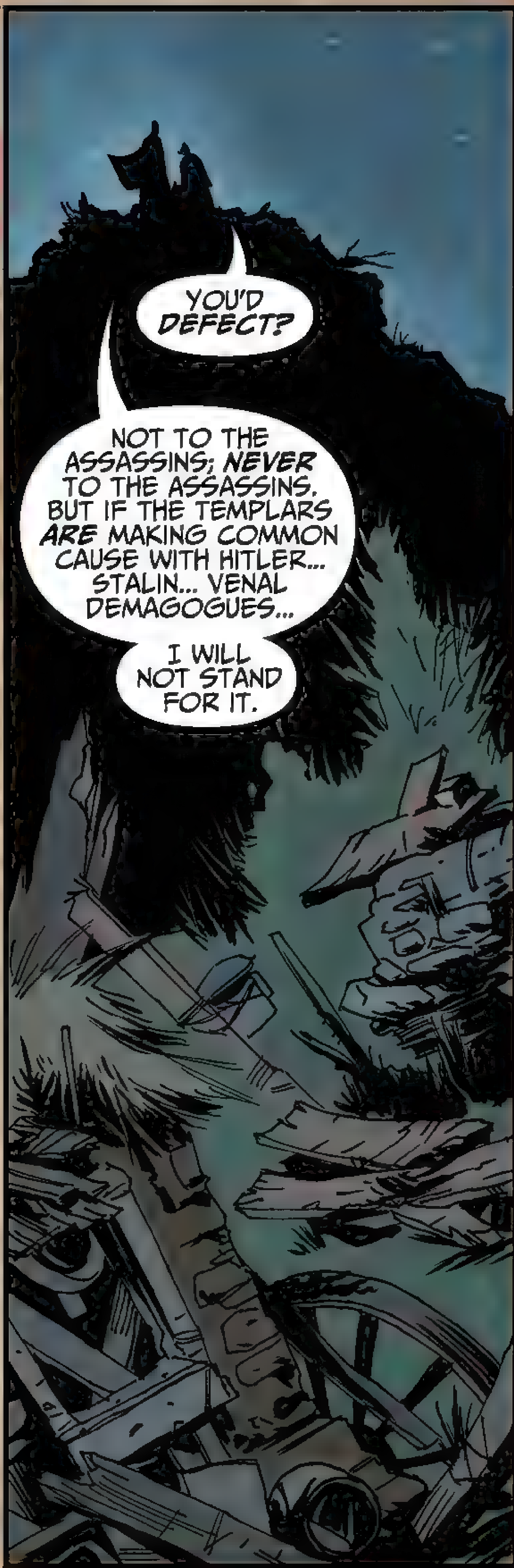
AS GOOD
A RESTING
PLACE FOR IT
AS ANY.



SO WHAT NOW?

I AM THE STONE'S PROTECTOR. I WILL REMAIN HERE, IN SPAIN, TO MAKE SURE IT IS NEVER UNCOVERED IN MY LIFETIME.

AND... PERHAPS... I WILL HELP YOU FIGHT YOUR WAR.



YOU'D DEFECT?

NOT TO THE ASSASSINS; NEVER TO THE ASSASSINS. BUT IF THE TEMPLARS ARE MAKING COMMON CAUSE WITH HITLER... STALIN... VENAL DEMAGOGUES...

I WILL NOT STAND FOR IT.



DO YOU HEAR THAT?

NO. WAIT... YES. ENGINES? BOMBERS?



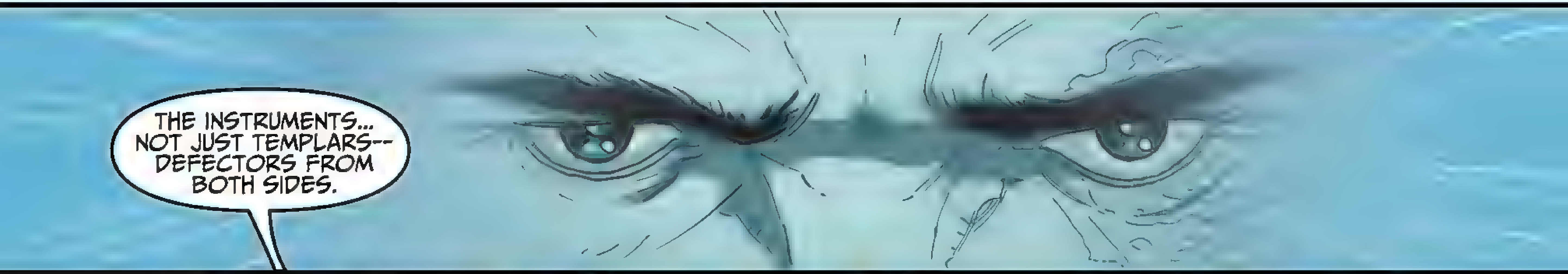
GERMAN BOMBERS. I'VE SEEN FOUR PASS THIS EVENING.

THE NAZI WAR MACHINE OPENS ICE BLUE EYES, A GAZE WHICH WE CANNOT ALLOW TO DEFINE OUR FUTURE.

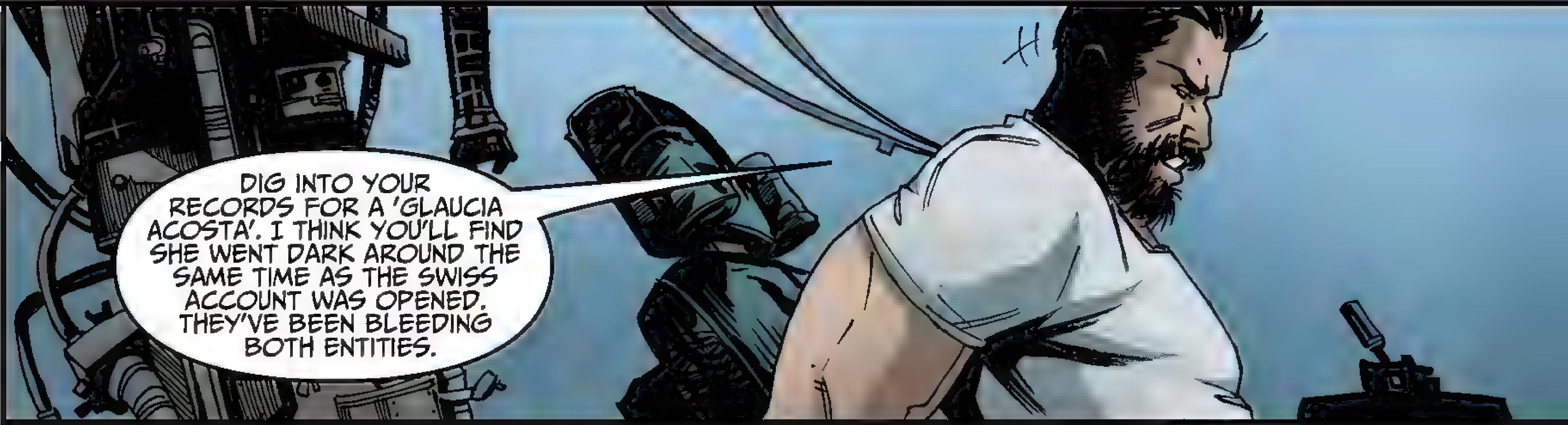


I THINK THAT'S ENOUGH. VORONINA? TAKAKURA? PULL ME OUT.

SYNCHRONIZED



THE INSTRUMENTS...
NOT JUST TEMPLARS--
DEFECTORS FROM
BOTH SIDES.



DIG INTO YOUR
RECORDS FOR A 'GLAUCIA
ACOSTA'. I THINK YOU'LL FIND
SHE WENT DARK AROUND THE
SAME TIME AS THE SWISS
ACCOUNT WAS OPENED.
THEY'VE BEEN BLEEDING
BOTH ENTITIES.



AREND,
DID YOU NOT
TAKE HIS
PHONE FROM
HIM?!

I DID...
OF COURSE
I DID!

MEWL
NO MORE,
CHILDREN.
ADULTS ARE
SPEAKING.



ANDRE.

HOW DO
YOU ALWAYS
MANAGE TO CALL
ME WHEN I'VE JUST
DRAWN A HOT
BATH, BERG?

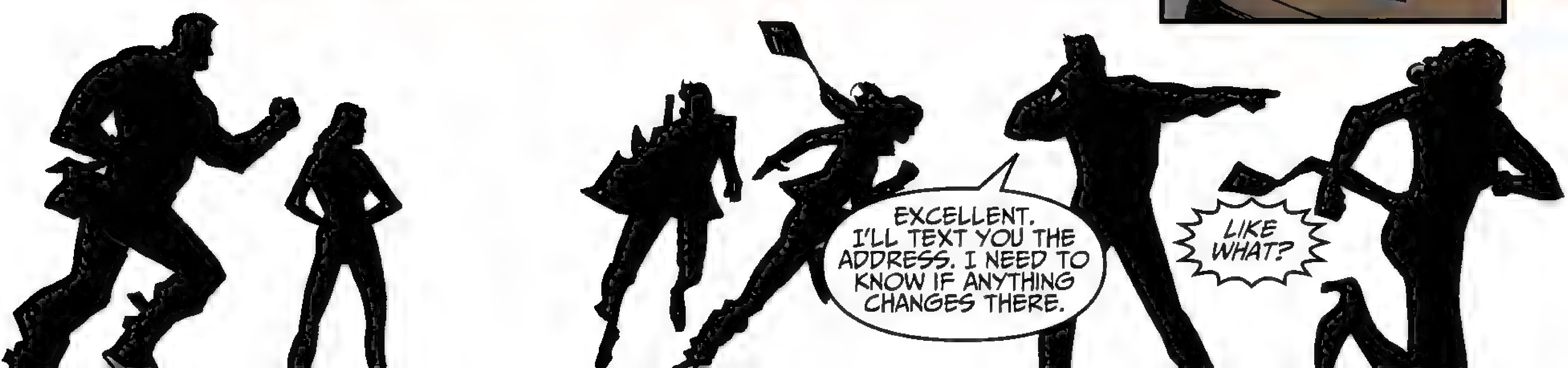
COLD BATHS
ARE CHARACTER-
BUILDING. NOW LISTEN,
EVERYTHING'S COMING
TO A HEAD. I'M ABOUT
TO WIRE YOU A RATHER
OUTRAGEOUS SUM
OF CASH.



THERE'S A
LABORATORY I NEED
WATCHED, AND I CAN'T
TRUST ANY ABSTERGO
PEOPLE. IT'S THE
ONE PLACE THE
INSTRUMENTS STILL
SHOULDN'T KNOW
ABOUT.

DO YOU STILL
HAVE THE NUMBERS
OF ANY CAPABLE
OPERATIVES IN YOUR
PHONE BOOK, OR IS IT
JUST YOUR THERAPIST
AND THE CHINESE
PLACE?

FUCK YOURSELF
SIDEWAYS, BERG.
I'LL PUT A TEAM
TOGETHER.



EXCELLENT.
I'LL TEXT YOU THE
ADDRESS. I NEED TO
KNOW IF ANYTHING
CHANGES THERE.

LIKE
WHAT?



LIKE, FOR
EXAMPLE, IF IT LOOKS
AS THOUGH THEY'RE
PREPARING TO
RESURRECT AN ANCIENT
DEITY IN A CLONED
BODY...

...
I OWE
YOU A BOTTLE
OF 40 YEAR OLD
SCOTCH.



YOU OWE
ME A GALLON
OF THE FUCKING
STUFF.



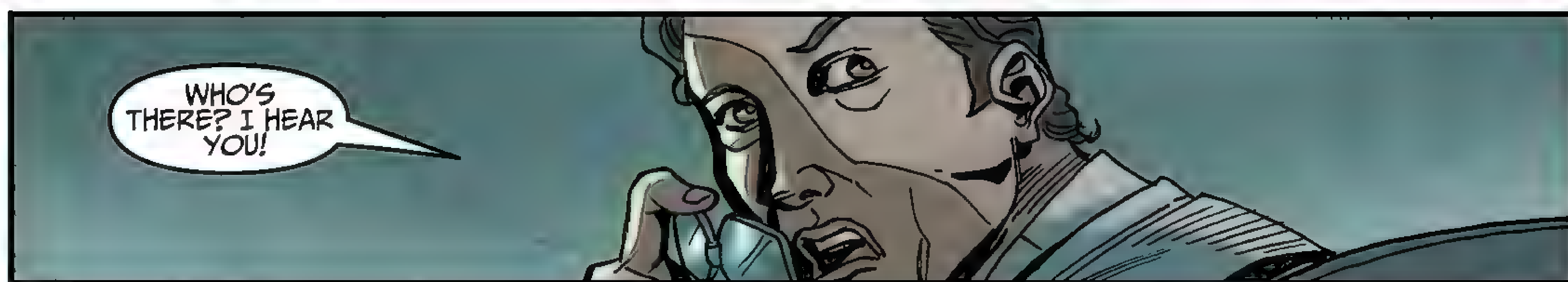
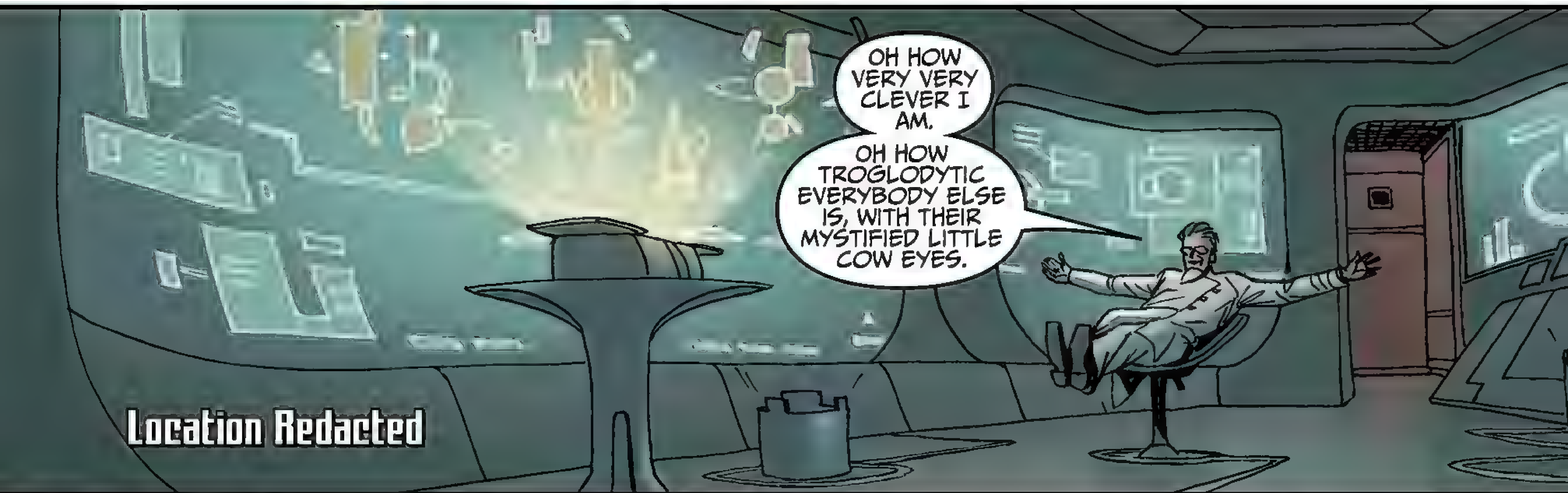
THE
KOH-I-NOOR IS
BURIED IN A MASS
GRAVE IN THE SPANISH
HILLSIDE, ABOUT 60
MILES SOUTH OF
BARCELONA.

IF THE
INSTRUMENTS FIND
IT FIRST, THEY'LL BE
ABLE TO RESURRECT
JUNO HERSELF, AND
SHE WILL BIND THE
OTHER PIECES
OF EDEN.



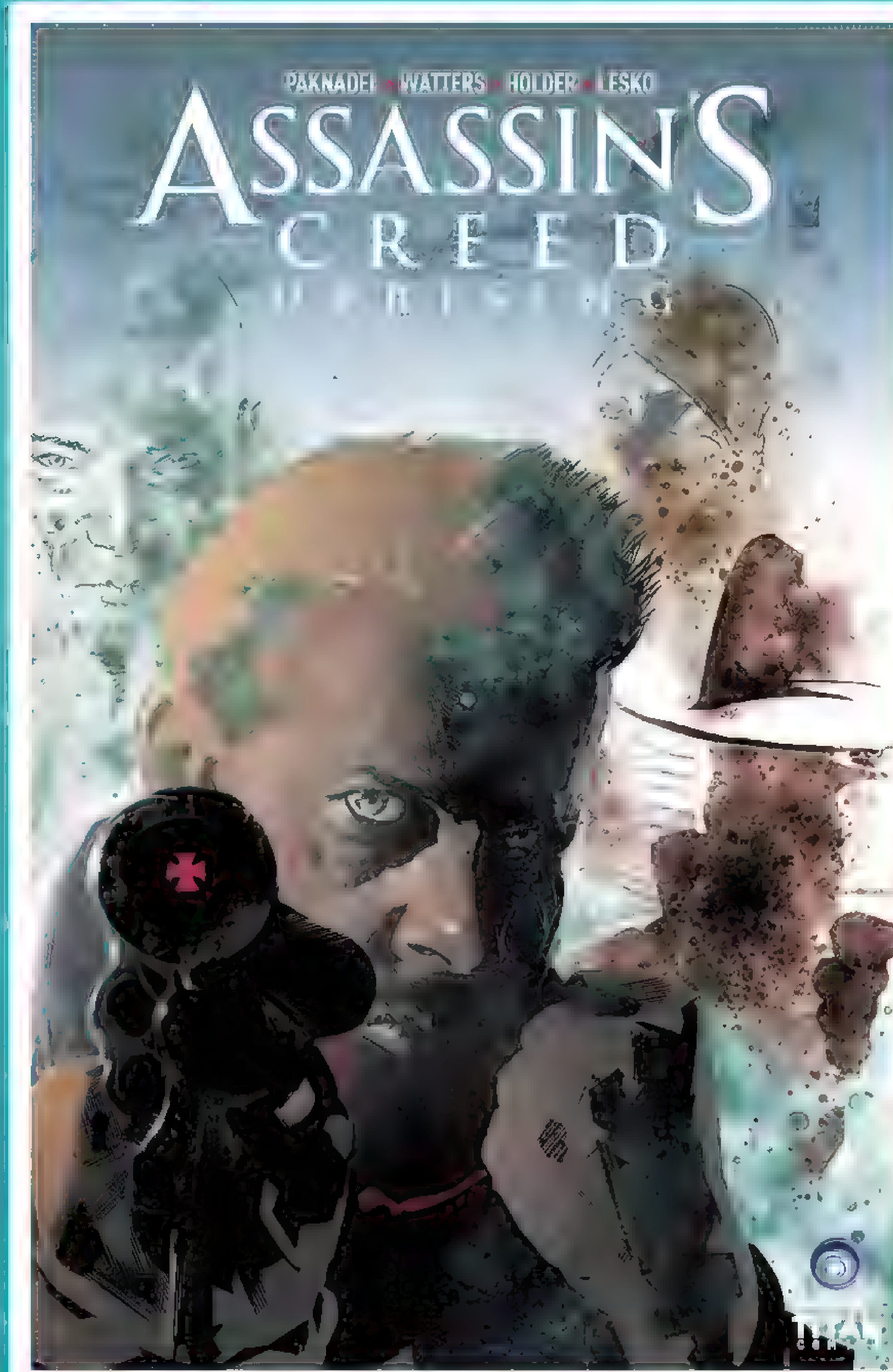
WELL? ARE
YOU ARRANGING A
JET OR DO I HAVE TO
DO **EVERYTHING**
MYSELF?

I CAN'T
WAIT TILL THIS
IS OVER AND
I CAN BEAT
YOU WITH HEAVY
OBJECTS,
BERG.





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> COVER B / DENNIS CALERO



> COVER C / MARIA SANAPO

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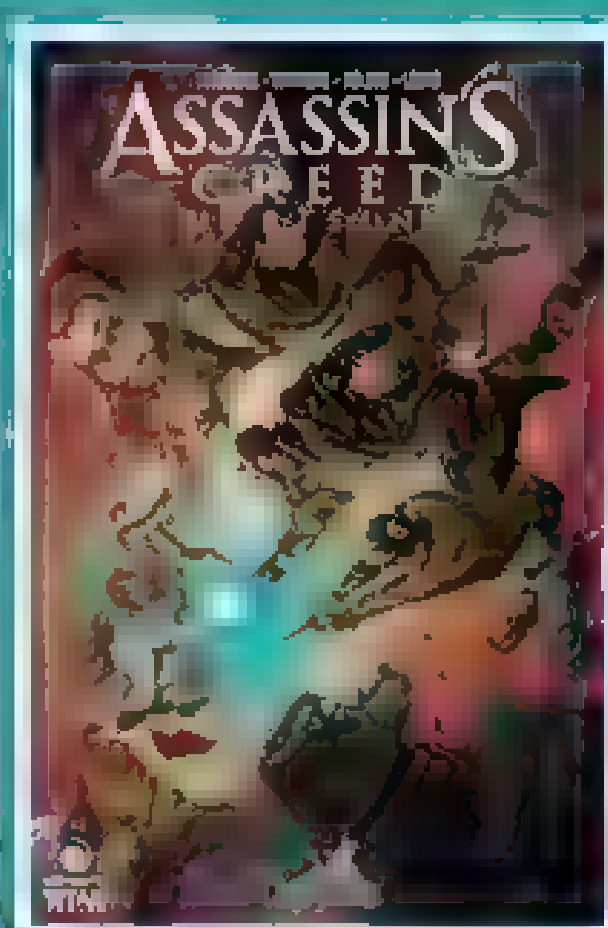
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